

Duxbury Clipper, Thursday, May 3, 1973

In Days Of Old

(The following was written for the Clipper by the late Henry Cragin Walker many years ago.--Ed.)

We have no redwood, palm, or cypress trees in Duxbury, but it would be difficult to name any species of trees that do not flourish here, Duxbury might almost be called Tree-town.

From my window I can count 20 varieties of trees, an apple orchard and numerous small fruit trees.

Our soil is streaky: loam, sand, and clay, so in setting out trees much care should be taken to choose the proper soil.

How much we owe to trees: "I think that I shall never see a poem so lovely as a tree."

One particular tree outside my window, a species of pine, is adorned every spring with what resembles green Christmas "candles" waiting to be lighted. A little girl who occasionally visits me sometimes goes out and wraps her arms around a tree, pressing her cheek against the bark, as though it was an understanding, dearly loved friend.

Stephen Girard said that if he knew he were to die tomorrow he would plant a tree today; that is the spirit of many public-minded citizens.

In Harry Tilton's yard in Kingston there stands a huge weeping willow tree that was brought here when very small from St. Helena, the exiled home of Napoleon, and there are several ancient linden trees in front of the Plymouth Public Library that were set out more than 300 years ago.